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and shabby, but inside an Arabian Nights scene greets you—courtyard fountains set in bright mosaics, mirrored rooms luxurious with Oriental rugs, inlaid furniture, and hangings of the silken fabric, damask, to which Damascus gave its name.

Souks, or bazaars, extend for blocks, often roofed their entire length, each devoted to a special line. Silks, copper, cotton, shoes fill small niches. In the center of his wares squats the dealer, handing out his wares without moving his body.

Trade has helped keep Damascus alive longer than any other known city. For some 4,000 years caravans from the desert have converged on this gateway between East and West, crossroads of the Levant. Also center of an unbelievably fertile irrigated area at the foot of the Anti-Lebanon Mountains, Damascus has dangled as a rich plum of conquest before the eyes of foreigners. Greeks, Persians, Romans, Arabs, Mongols, Turks have come, conquered, and passed on. Their imprint remains in ancient walls, foundations of pagan temples, and Oriental palaces.

Though associated with the birth of Christianity, Damascus today is largely Moslem. The city claims 240 mosques, 70 still in use. The Omayyad Mosque was converted from an early Christian church which itself was built on the site of a pagan temple to Jupiter.

During the Crusades French knights came to know one of the city's age-old products—swords of fabulously keen-edged Damascus steel. After World War I the French came again to Damascus, as holders of the mandate over Syria. They improved roads, helped the country develop consumer industries, and started modern fruit culture.

The fruit of the fall of man may have grown in Damascus if you believe the Arab tale that Adam was the city's first resident. Another legend has Noah's grandson as the founder. Whatever its age, Damascus remains one of the world's magic places—ever new, always vital—where citizens whose lineage stems from the Old Testament can enjoy Cinerama as much as teenagers in upstart Chicago.

References—Damascus appears on the National Geographic Society's map of Bible Lands and the Cradle of Western Civilization. Write the Society, Washington 6, D. C., for a map price list. "Crusader Lands Revisited," *National Geographic Magazine*, Dec., 1954; "Syria and Lebanon Taste Freedom," Dec., 1946; "Change Comes to Bible Lands," Dec., 1938; GEOGRAPHIC SCHOOL BULLETINS, March 22, 1954, "Syria's Freedom Path Proves Rocky." *School and library discount price for Magazine issues a year old or less, 50¢; through 1946, 65¢. Write for prices of earlier issues.*

JOHN SCOFIELD, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

A Camel Mart Outside Damascus Services the 4,000-Year-Old Desert Trade

Ancient Damascus Keeps Pace with Modern Times

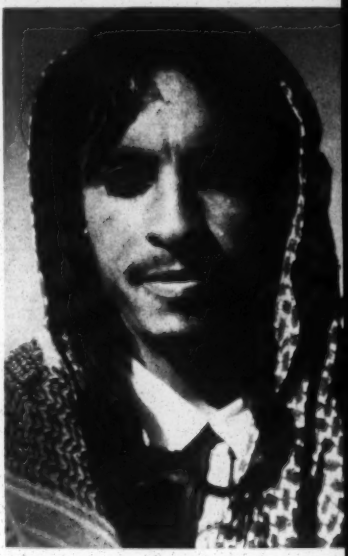
Time stands still for no man, nor any city. Damascus, probably the world's oldest living city, was rocked to its ancient rafters last fall by joyous multitudes flocking to free showings of Cinerama. Near the Biblical scenes of Saint Paul's vision and conversion the ultra-new moving-picture technique outrivaled the Russian exhibit in the great International Fair and helped the United States Information Agency win the local version of the cold war.

So much has Damascus changed with the ages that Saul of Tarsus would recognize little of the city where he accepted Christianity and became the Apostle Paul on "the street which is called Straight." The street is still there, leading into town from the east gate of the ancient walls. A small chapel near the gate marks the reputed spot where Saul lodged when Ananias visited him as an instrument of the Lord to restore his sight. From the top of the wall his new-found Christian friends let him down in a basket to escape Jewish persecutors lying in wait at the gate. Paul's missionary work in many lands started Christianity on its way from a Jewish sect to a world religion.

Still standing is the house of Ananias, meeting place of the first Syrian Christians. It is now 30 feet below street level, so many times have invaders destroyed the city, so many times has it been rebuilt.

Building is progressing at a faster clip today than ever before as dazzling postwar hotels and towering business structures of the most advanced design rise in this Syrian capital of 373,000 persons. Thrust among slender minarets and globular domes of mosques built centuries ago are steel girders of ever-newer buildings. The staccato rat-tat-tat of riveting machines and thunderous pounding of hammers drown out Arabic cries of bread and sweetmeat vendors. Donkey hoofs clatter on ancient cobblestones, camel-drawn wagons rattle by in streets widened to serve 1955-model automobiles.

Through Damascus flows the Barada River, divided into many branches which serve as irrigation and water supply streams. Damascus is always green, its framing of fruit orchards and feathery palm groves presenting a dramatic contrast to the surrounding dusty Syrian desert. Houses lining the narrow streets may look small



Long, Samsonlike Hair Marks the Ruwalla Warrior—His head cloth, called a *kaffiya*, wards off sun and sand on tribal forays into the deserts about Damascus.

JOHN SCOFIELD, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

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Today this scene is being repeated in many parts of the "Southern Ocean." Antarctic summer brings some 12,000 men on more than 250 vessels flying Norwegian, British, and other national flags. Fleets also work Arctic and other waters, but three fourths of the average annual take of 40,000 whales are Antarctic.

How different this modern industry from whaling in the days of Herman Melville when New Bedford and Nantucket square-riggers scoured the seas for kin of Moby Dick. Then it was a man, hand harpoon, and oars against marine monster at the closest quarters. "A dead whale or a stove boat," was their motto. Thrashing flukes crushed many a whaleboat into kindling and cast men into shark-infested seas.

So long as whale oil lighted city lamps no hardship or danger kept Yankee whalers from the high seas. In those days three out of four whaling ships flew the Stars and Stripes. Oil from the toothed sperm whale lubricated machinery; its ambergris brought a fortune in the perfume market. Victorian ladies strait-laced themselves in corsets of flexible whalebone, or baleen, from the toothless right whale's mouth.

Then in 1859, in Pennsylvania, Edwin L. Drake drilled the first oil. Soon inexpensive kerosene lighted the cities; petroleum became the common lubricant. But more disastrous to whalers was the near-extinction of the easy-to-catch right whale, which conveniently stayed afloat once it was killed. Under oar and sail, men could seldom catch the more numerous finbacks, nor handle a 100-ton sinking giant once harpooned.

The harpoon gun gave new life to the dying industry. It enabled hunting the swifter, non-floating whales from decks of speedy steam-powered catchers. Teams of these catchers feeding whales to efficient, machinery-packed floating factories became the core of the modern industry, bigger than ever.

Whale oil still cures leather, lubricates fine machinery, goes into soap, glycerine for explosives, compounds for the medicine chest. Most striking is the whale's new use as food. Refined whale oil goes into Europe's margarine. Animals and chickens feed on its flesh and bones; its wastes fertilize fields. Whale steaks appear on some United States menus.

References—South Georgia, center of the Antarctic whaling industry, appears on the Society's map of the Atlantic Ocean. "Whales, Giants of the Sea," *National Geographic Magazine*, Jan., 1940.

HOME OF THE SOUTH SEAS LAND DIVERS...

On far-off Pentecost Island, in the New Hebrides chain administered jointly by France and the United Kingdom, Melanesians prove their manhood in the startling manner shown on the following pages.

UMI

NIALL RANKIN

Whales Are Big Business

"Thar she blows!"

The voice of the lookout aloft blasts a warm current of excitement through the chill Antarctic day. Crewmen tumble on deck. Keen eyes pick out spouts, or vapor columns, rising above leaden waters. "Aye! They're blues!" shouts a Scot. "We'll add a bit tae the bonus ere nighttime!"

The skipper signals "Full Ahead." Drenched with icy spray, the gunner readies the harpoon gun on the bow. Churning propeller narrows the gap between ship and the largest of the whales.

CRACK! The harpoon speeds toward the prey, heavy line paying out behind. The steel shaft sinks into the mammal. The explosive head detonates, hooking the prongs deeply. Line whips out over the bow as the sounding whale dives deeper. When it surfaces a second harpoon stills its thrashing. Drawn alongside, the carcass is pumped full of air, flagged, and the catcher casts off in search of new prey. Soon other catchers, summoned by radio telephone, join in the fray.

Buoy boats collect the floating whales and tow them to shore stations on South Georgia Island (illustration above), or to the expedition's "mother" ship. Winched up the stern ramp of the huge boxlike floating factory, the carcass is swarmed over by flensers in spiked boots. Their curved, razor-sharp knives carve a gridwork stripping pattern into which they insert hooks. Hissing steam winches peel off slabs of blubber. These are fed piecemeal through manholes to giant pressure cookers below which convert them to oil. The whale, now pink and naked, is drawn forward where lemmers with knives and power saws further reduce the world's largest creature to meat, bone, and waste.

TOP TO BOTTOM: ARTHUR JOHNSON, ROGER BELLINGER, DODD HARRIS, IRVING JOHNSON

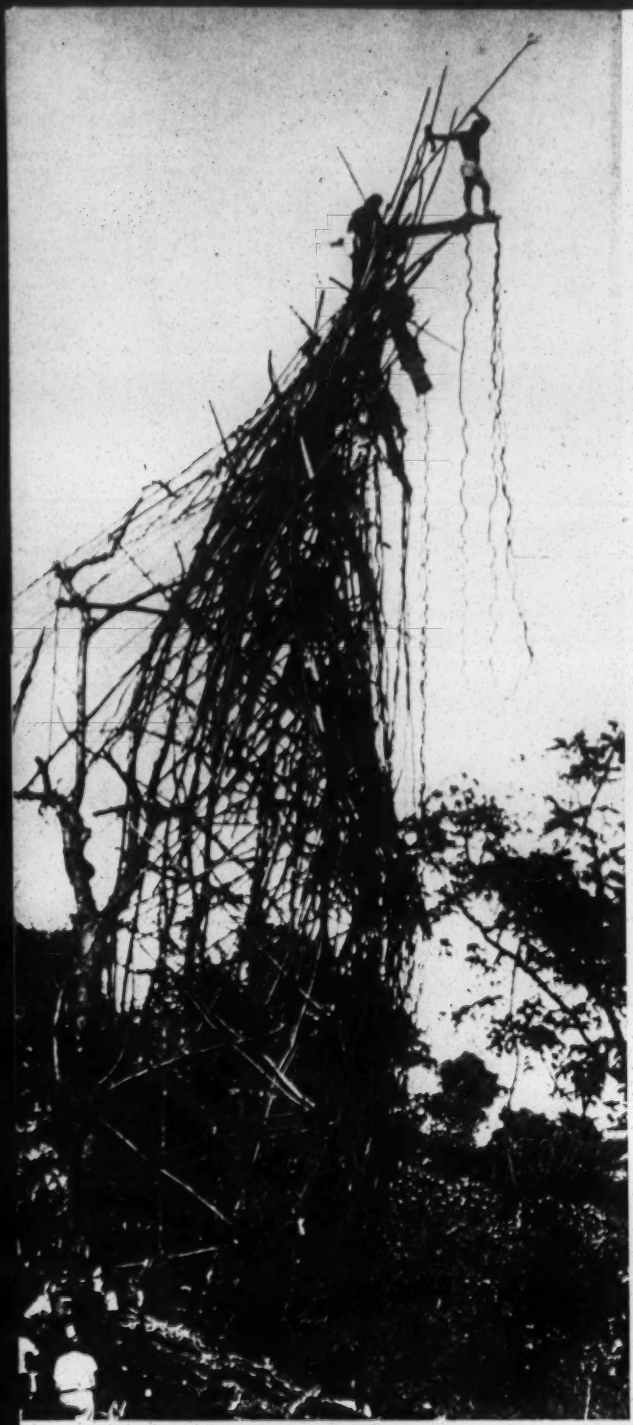
The Moment Arrives . . . Will It Bring Death . . . or a Hero's Mantle?

Spectators gaze wide-eyed as the land diver moves to the end of the swaying plank. He is champion of the New Hebrides (map, page 173).

At the tower base, Pentecost islanders whirl and stamp, swinging wooden batons. Their bodies glisten with coconut oil. Throbbing chants embolden the aerialist, who postures aloft, makes a speech, pretends to lose balance.

Dancing mounts to a frenzy. Eyes, cameras focus on the suicidal performer.

The tower trembles violently. He kicks off into space to plummet earthward, vines snaking out after him. Will they stop him short of a headlong crash? Turn page . . .



South Sea Islanders Leap Headlong to Manhood

Atop a creaking jungle tower a New Hebrides islander readies himself to leap into space.

Vines fall from his ankles in great loops. These slender lifelines alone stand between him and death when, following an old island custom, he hurtles headfirst 78 feet to the ground.

It all began, legend states, when a runaway wife leaped from a towering palm tree to escape her pursuing husband. Vines saved her life.

"Anything a woman can do, we can do better," reasoned the Melanesian braves. To support ever-higher jumping platforms, they erected rickety, nailless towers of tree trunks and boughs lashed with vines.

corporated the city of Denver and set many land titles. Then Congress gave it a new name: Colorado.

Deseret lasted longest of all. Organized in 1849 by the Mormons at Salt Lake City, the proposed territory embraced a vast area extending from the Rockies to the Sierra Nevada—plus even a strip of Pacific coast near San Diego.

Congress seemingly signed Deseret's death warrant one year later when it established the much smaller Territory of Utah. But with the advent of the Civil War the Mormons again founded a "State of Deseret." Its ghost government met and passed laws for nine years while waiting in vain for recognition. A stone tablet bearing Deseret's name in the Washington Monument is one of its few physical reminders today.

Part of what is now Washington State might have been named Lincoln had not President Cleveland vetoed the bill in 1886.

New Connecticut was the first name proposed for their State by the settlers of Vermont. A delegate representing New Connecticut traveled to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia in 1776.

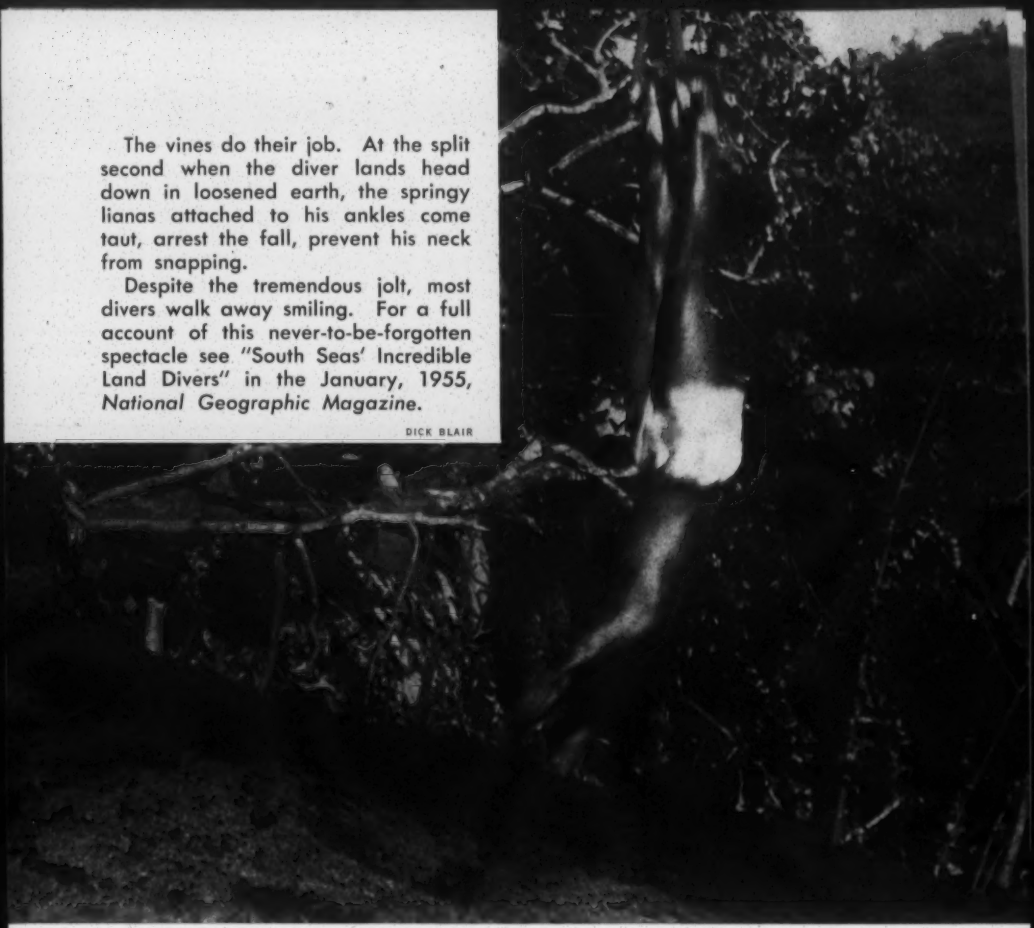
During the Civil War Congress was petitioned to recognize a new State of Kanawha. It was formed by Virginia's western and northern counties that did not secede. Popular vote a few months later changed the name to West Virginia.

Susquehannah was a State envisioned by the fiery John Franklin, to be carved from northeast Pennsylvania by settlers from Connecticut. Three Yankee-Pennamite wars were fought between 1769 and 1786 over disputed land claims before they were settled.

There were other names. Transylvania was an abortive government set up by the land company that bought present-day Kentucky and middle Tennessee from the Cherokees. By a French charter, New England would have been named Acadia. New York and New Jersey first were part of New Netherland of the Dutch. Settlers along the lower Delaware River established New Sweden long before William Penn's colonists arrived. He himself wanted to call his New World grant merely Sylvania.

HOWELL WALKER, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

Salt Lake City's Tabernacle Would Have Been Spiritual Center of the State of Deseret, Rather Than Utah, Had Mormon Plans Carried Through. Seagull Monument in Foreground Honors Birds Which Devoured Crickets, Saving Crops of Early Settlers.



The vines do their job. At the split second when the diver lands head down in loosened earth, the springy lianas attached to his ankles come taut, arrest the fall, prevent his neck from snapping.

Despite the tremendous jolt, most divers walk away smiling. For a full account of this never-to-be-forgotten spectacle see "South Seas' Incredible Land Divers" in the January, 1955, *National Geographic Magazine*.

DICK BLAIR

Forgotten States Fill Nation's Undrawn Maps

States named Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln, Deseret, New Connecticut, Kanawha, and Susquehannah might exist today, had history taken different turns. Once all were would-be states or territories. Today they lie buried on forgotten maps of America's early years.

The State of Franklin, for one, had a governor, constitution, courts, and capital in the mountains of what is now northeast Tennessee. Set up at Jonesboro in 1784, when North Carolina gave over her western land to Federal protection, Franklin for five years knocked vainly at the nation's door for admission.

Even earlier, settlers along the Watauga, Nolichucky, Holston, and French Broad rivers had formed a homespun government called the Watauga Association. Neither Watauga nor Franklin survived. Franklin, the coonskin republic, was officially superseded by the "Territory South of the River Ohio." John Sevier—"Nolichucky Jack"—Franklin's first and only governor, a decade later became Tennessee's first governor.

In 1859, miners around Pikes Peak formed a "Territory of Jefferson" and sent a delegate to Congress. During the next two years Jefferson in-

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER B. ANTHONY STEWART

Highland Home Crafts Thrive

they farmed, whose family tartan they wore. Clan feuds and feasts marked their lives. They seldom ventured into the industrial lowlands.

Then in 1745 Bonnie Prince Charlie, grandson of James II who had been deposed in favor of William of Orange, declared himself pretender to the throne of Great Britain. The clans rallied round him. "Dinna send yorr greeting to him personally," said a hesitant Highland chief to the gentle Lochiel. "If you see Prince Charlie you canna refuse him."

The English answer to the daring young cavalier and his 6,000 Highlanders was complete annihilation at the bloody battle of Culloden Moor. The defeat ended the clan system and would have spelled doom to the bagpipe and the kilt but for the stubborn tenacity and pride of the Scot. But at the time the tragic event inspired sorrowful Highlanders to compose some of the world's most beautiful songs and poems, such as "Skye Bonnie Boat" and "On the Banks o' Yarrow."

After Culloden the new regime, with its different economic and political conditions, drove the Highlander off his crofts. He became Scotland's chief export, emigrating to the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand. Today only 296,000 people or six percent of Scotland's 5,000,000 live in the Highlands. The deep desolation of deserted castles and barren farms tells the tale of desertion.

In the craggy bleakness of Glencoe, a crofter and his wife farm thin topsoil. They live in a thatch cottage, lifting water from a well, reading by kerosene. A flower garden blooms, among its primroses a Scottish bluebell. The hearth is lit with peat-burning fires.

Close to nature's twists and turns, fishermen in Wick still live as they have for generations. The thriving town squats on the barren hillside nearly as far north as southern Greenland. Fleets of steam and motor trailers bring in large hauls of cod, herring, and haddock. Leathery-skinned fishermen, descendants of the Vikings, speak in Gaelic. On Sundays the Highland

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER B. ANTHONY STEWART

At the North Sea Fishing Village of Gourdon, Scottish Fishermen Joke in Gaelic While They Mend Their Nets

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER B. ANTHONY STEWART

Highland Road Winds by Loch Mullardoch Beneath Scottish Mountains

Scotland's Wild, Woolly Highlands Breed Myths

Newspapers are fond of recording the reported comings and goings of the Loch Ness monster. According to those who have "seen" him (at least one on a fishing vessel's radar screen) the monster has a mythological shape—about 50 feet long with a round head, tapering tail, and four legs on either side of a convoluting body.

Skeptics say the monster appears obligingly in northern Scotland's dank highlands each year before the tourist season. But visitors don't seem to care whether he exists or not. They gaze at heather blooming purple on the hill, and watch the ever-present Scottish mists rise over distant Ben Nevis. Reliving the legends and ballads of Rob Roy, William Wallace, valiant Robert the Bruce, they walk hand in hand with *The Lady of the Lake* at Loch Lomond, and stroll over Robert Burns's Brig o' Doon. If the Loch Ness monster could live anywhere, they say, it would be here, where myth seems to blend with reality in the wild, romantic Scottish Highlands.

Norse gods seem still to brood over one of their favorite creations. At Inverness, one of the few Highlands cities, pub spellbinders may tell you that Thor formed the bleak, craggy area by placing crinkly mountains north of a jagged line from the River Clyde to Aberdeen. While cutting the deep valley of Glen More from Inverness to the Firth of Lorne and filling Loch Ness (24 miles long, one mile wide, and 754 feet deep) he heard the skirl of a bagpipe. In fright he dropped his pet monster into the lake and fled, scattering the Hebrides over the Atlantic.

Later the Scots finished his work by connecting the valley's chain of lakes with locks to make the 60-mile-long Caledonian Canal. Since the 19th century it has been a commercial inland water route cutting off a 360-mile boat trip around the tip of Scotland.

Only 200 years ago, Highlanders still lived as they had in the Middle Ages. Clansmen recognized only the laws of their chieftains, whose lands

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHERS B. ANTHONY STEWART AND DAVID S. BOYER

Highland Sheep Peacefully Graze Beneath Towered Reminders of Viking Invasion

town is quiet; black clothes and somber faces of a Calvinistic land hold sway.

In the Outer Hebrides most people make famous Scottish tweeds. To display the orbit mark of the Harris Tweed Association, tweed must be made from pure virgin wool produced in Scotland—spun and woven in the Outer Hebrides. Almost every cottage has its hand loom which, for texture and strength, machine weaving cannot beat. Many crofters and fishermen, weavers in the winter, help bring to Scotland a tidy export income.

The spirit of Bonnie Prince Charlie is still abroad in the land. Summer festivals are numerous. At Culloden Moor the skirl of bagpipes calls Highlanders not to battle but to contest their skill in athletic feats. Caber tossing and hammer throwing—Scottish sports of yesteryear—test a man's strength and agility. The marching pipers play "The Banks of Allan Water." Graceful, kilted Highland lads dance the Highland fling and the intricate Scottish sword dance. Then, with their tartaned lassies, they swing to the pipers' Highland reel.

A program of reforestation, cattle raising, and hydroelectric development is stemming the tide of emigrating Highlanders. Deer forests are being retrieved to revive the lumber industry, barren farmland staked out for the grazing of Scotland's particularly fine breeds of cattle and sheep. Powerful Clydesdale horses, small Shetland ponies, "Scottie" dogs, and collies are Highland products. At Loch Lomond a new hydroelectric plant will foster light industries.

References—Scotland is shown on the Society's map of The British Isles. "From Barra to Butt in the Hebrides," *National Geographic Magazine*, Oct., 1954; "Scotland's Golden Eagles at Home," Feb., 1954; "Over the Sea to Scotland's Skye," July, 1952; "Hunting Folk Songs in the Hebrides," Feb., 1947; "Bonnie Scotland, Postwar Style," May, 1946; "Low Road, High Road, Around Dundee," April, 1936; GEOGRAPHIC SCHOOL BULLETINS, April 13, 1953, "Scottish Cowboys Ride Herd in the Highlands."